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JESUS, THE FISHERMAN'S FRIEND.

Jesus, the Fisherman's Friend

How significant it is that the most intimate relations of our Lord's life on earth should have been with the busy toilers of the day. His life and love were given for all, from the richest to the poorest. He is the All-sufficient, alike for the great and for the lowly. Yet as the great mass of humanity are those that work for their daily bread, it is peculiarly precious that the human side of the Saviour's life should have been so largely spent among them.

Jesus in the carpenter shop at Nazareth comes very near to all those who work with their hands, not only in that calling, but in any of the crafts that minister to the needs of our complicated civilizations. There the landsman, whatever his vocation, finds One who knew what it was to be compelled by the stress of poverty to turn every hour of the day to good account.

It shows the marvellous reach of that wonderful career that Jesus was keenly alive to the experiences of a seafaring life also. For the three years of his ministry he was surrounded by a band of men who were for the most part unlettered fishermen. To these he showed himself, his truth, his mission, as to no others. And though he took them away from exclusive devotion to their old calling, yet he identified himself with them in it in such a way as to make 'the fisherman's friend' forever the hero of seamen.

They had had him in their boat with them as they fished; under his direction they had hauled in some of their largest catches; he had sat in their boats, and as the waves gently rocked them to and fro had taught the listening throngs on the land. He had lain asleep on a pillow among them, when the storm raged furiously and the mountainous waves had threatened every minute to engulf the little craft; and this same boisterous sea had become a calm at his word. They had even seen him walking on the surface of the deep, type of the divine power over sea as over land; and after his resurrection, it was beside that sea that he added another to the many precious experiences they had had with him there, when he called to them from the shore and bade them sit down with him to a fisherman's meal of bread and broiled fish.

The sea, the ever-changing, never-changing sea, is to-day just what it was then. It was the same years before, when the psalmist said, 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

'These see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.' The sailor, the fisherman know full well that God

> 'Plants His footsteps on the sea
> And rides upon the storm.'

To these men, Jesus, the friend of fishermen, has a special message. And should not the landsman bear oftener on his heart and in his prayers, those for whom the Master himself showed such regard?

There is a beautiful story told of a godly sea captain, who in the midst of a hurricane, when his ship seemed ready to go to pieces, yet remained perfectly calm amid the storm. His wife, who was with him on board, was full of fear, and said impatiently to him, 'Oh, John! how can you be so calm! Don't you see we may go any minute to the bottom?' 'And if we do, wife,' was his answer, 'if we do—what is the bottom of the sea but the hand of God? Does the Good Book not say, "He holdeth the deep in the hollow of his hand," and should I fear to sink into my father's hand.'

> 'O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
> And hushed their raging at Thy word,
> Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
> And calm amid its storm didst sleep;
> O hear us, when we cry to Thee
> For those in peril on the sea.'

The Woman and the Pin.

(The Rev. Charles D. Crane, in the 'Christian World.')

A short time ago a lady well known in Boston and vicinity for her abundant missionary zeal, and whose attractive face and smile would be easily recognized, got on board the train to go to a certain point. The car she entered proved to be unusually full, the only vacant place being at the extreme end. As she sat down, she observed directly opposite an old woman in shabby attire and with a most unhappy look upon her face. Upon her head she had an old shawl, which with some difficulty she was holding in place with her thumb and fingers.

The lady had just given an earnest address on foreign missions, and was returning from the missionary meeting to her home. As she cast her eye upon this forlorn creature, it occurred to her that here, close at hand, was an opportunity for missionary work. She thought of the 'cup of cold water,' but that gift seemed uncalled for; a tub of warm water would have been more appropriate, had there been opportunity. So she took from her case a glass-headed pin, and with a smile passed it to the withered and wretched woman opposite. As the woman clutched the pin in her bony hand, the brakeman called out, 'Essex,' and she rose as if to go.

Placing her hand upon the shoulders of the lady, she said, 'I wanted the pin awfully, but I thank ye for the smile.'

There was but a moment left. Desiring to acquaint the woman with the love of the gracious Father, the lady bent over toward her, and said gently and tenderly, 'Do you know

God? You don't look very happy, but I want you to know that he cares.'

The brakeman called again the name of the station; the train had stopped; and in haste, and with the shawl over her head, the nameless one passed out.

When the lady reached home, she told her mother, as her custom was, of the experience she had had; and her mother made a note of it in a little book in which she wrote the names of those in whom her daughter had for any reason become interested. Not knowing the name of the stranger, for want of a better title she wrote her down as 'The woman and the pin.'

A few weeks after this the lady was passing through the station at Hartford, and she felt something pull convulsively at her arm. Turning about, she was surprised to see this same old woman; but there was a bright and happy expression upon her face as she said, 'I'm in an awful hurry, an' I know you be; but I thought I'd jest like to tell ye that I know God now.'

And with that she was gone. Like ships that pass in the night, they had met and separated forever.

'A whispered word may touch the heart,
And bring it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholp strife.'

Family Prayers.

A number of years ago, when the custom of holding family prayers was more common than it is to-day, a certain Mr. Winthrop, a man of sturdy Christian principles, took his family to Europe for a summer of pleasure.

There were in the family, besides the father and mother, several young sons and daughters, all of an age to appreciate and enjoy their first visit to the Old World. They were energetic young people, eager to see everything that was to be seen, and the summer days were all too short for them. Moreover, to their dismay, their father insisted upon having family prayers every morning in Europe just as he had been accustomed to have them at home.

The girls were embarrassed. No other travellers whom they had met had family prayers. They wished their father would be like other people. The boys grumbled about the loss of time when there were so many things to do. But obedience was a habit in the family, and not once during that delightful and long-remembered summer did a member of the family absent himself from prayers.

In Paris they had a private sitting-room into which their bedrooms opened; and the girls were made uncomfortable by the fact that one other person—a woman whose name they did not know, and whom they had not met—shared the privileges of the sitting-room with them. What if she should open her door some morning and come in upon the kneeling family?

'How mortified we should be!' said the girls.

But the woman never opened her door at that embarrassing moment, nor, indeed, at any other time while the family was present, although they spent three weeks in Paris.

Half a dozen years later the eldest daughter was at a 'tea' in New York, when a woman whose face was unfamiliar came up to her and said:

'If I am not mistaken this is Miss Winthrop.'

'Yes,' answered the girl, and added, 'but I am afraid I do not recall your name.'

'You never knew my name,' replied the woman, 'but your father once saved me from making a great mistake in my life, and I have always hoped that I might some day see him and thank him. Will you thank him for me?'

'Yes, willingly,' assented the girl, and she waited for further enlightenment.

'It was in Paris,' the woman continued. I was all alone and in great trouble; I had no one with whom to consult, and I was in desperate need of help. A little more,—a step or two,—and I should have ruined my life. Every morning your father prayed in the sitting-room. He prayed for the strangers far away from home, for the tempted ones, the lonely ones—he prayed for me. And his prayers gave me strength to resist my temptation. Your father saved my life.'

'You were the lady who shared the sitting-room with us!' gasped the girl. 'And we were always so afraid you would come in and find us on our knees!'

'I, too, was on my knees,' he woman answered, 'on my knees behind my closed door.'—The 'Youth's Companion.'

Acknowledgments.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM AFRICA.

Some time ago we published the address of a lady missionary in Liberia, who wanted S.S. papers and cards sent her. We have received from Mrs. Wright the following letter of thanks:—

Dear Editor,—Please allow me space in your paper for a few words. I thank the many dear ones who sent me papers, cards and books for my mission work. I kept the names of all. There are so many, that I will not take up the room to mention them. May God bless each one of you for your kindness.

I am surrounded by heathens who know not God. I am trying to do all that I can for the up-building of God's kingdom.

These little boys and girls are anxious to learn. There is a great work to be done here for Christ. Dear Christians, while you are remembering China, Japan and India, please do not forget poor bleeding Africa, whose sons and daughters cry out, 'O send us the light.'

I have moved my mission to Brewerville, Liberia, as I have had better health here and more advantages. In your prayers, do not forget your sister in the dark jungles of Africa.

MRS. H. T. WRIGHT.

Brewerville, Liberia, W. Africa.

LABRADOR GENERAL FUND.

Two Sisters, Whitby, $10; Collected by Lucy Oliver and Matilda Cole, Mount Tremblant, $10; Helen, Maple Ridge, $5; Lama Sheppherd, Grimsby Park, $5; Jas. McDougall, Blakenay, Ont., $2.50; Santi, $2; Friends, Port Daniel, $2; H. E. Fisher, Douglastown, $1; M. H. Thompson, Ottawa, $1; Jas. Cairns, Chesley, Ont., $1; A Young Christian, $1; Virdenite, $1; C. E. Warren, Walkerton, $1; Agnes Warren, Walkerton, $1; A Friend, Dunbarton, 50c; W. R S. Dalhousie, 25c; A. Jean McIvor, Fox Harbor, 5c; total this week, $44.30.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Unhasting! Unresting!

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Bear it onward to thy tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for 'er thy spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right.
Onward, then, with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not! life is sweeping by;
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be the polar guide.
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not, rest not, conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

—Goethe.

A Great Promise.

(Anna D. Walker, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A few days ago we went to visit a sick friend in a hospital. This dear lady had undergone a critical operation. The wound made by the surgeon's knife had been sewed up and the patient was told that she must lie very quietly or the stitches would break and they never could be replaced.

'Was it not hard?' we asked, 'to bear all this?'

'Yes,' was the quiet answer, 'it was hard, and especially at night, but when I was about to leave home, my dear sister pointed to a text we had upon the wall, and that has helped me so much. 'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety.'

'These are the words that calmed my fears, kept down my restlessness and even quieted my pain.

'When I was obliged to turn over or change in any way my position, I would pray, "please, Lord, don't let the stitches break," and then would whisper my comforting text, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety."'

'Oh,' she said, 'it has been such a help to me, and now I am getting better nicely and I believe it is all in answer to prayer.'

We came away from that bed full of meditation. What a great thing to be a Christian, to know the Bible, to depend upon the promises so exceeding great and precious! Oh, that sick bed held comfort that the worldling cannot know. And what a wonderful promise that dear Christian had taken for her portion in that hour of need. She had great anxiety, as she said, 'I have my husband and children and could not well afford to be a stated invalid. But here was the Lord's assurance upon which to stand, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety."'

Let us store up the promises, they will be a hoard of comfort when all earthly props fail us.

We have of late seen our best beloved friend go home to God. She could view death as calmly as one views the thought of going to sleep at night. And why? The promises were all her own, she had lived by them, and she could die by them; and she knew that the beloved of the Lord ever dwells in safety.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Vision.

I saw a vision strangely fair,
For modern days to claim;
Though fancy oft had pictured it,
I deemed it but a name.
Yet there before my eyes it stood,
The pure, untarnished pearl
Of lovely, budding womanhood,
A dear, old-fashioned girl!

Her manners, like her speech, were sweet
As music's rhythmic flow;
She did not startle you with style
Or greet you with 'Hullo!'
Yet hat and gown did so agree
With charm of face and curls
I wondered why we do not see
More dear, old-fashioned girls.

—Zitella Cocke, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

Her Talent For Christ.

You see, Madge was one of the brightest, merriest of girls. Her young life had been passed in having a good time generally. And how could she help being a favorite with almost everybody, with her bright, responsive face and frank, pleasing manner, with never a bit of self-consciousness about her? It seemed as if the sun shone to please her, and the birds sang for her, and the flowers bloomed for her to pick. Ever since she was a little tot she had been a child of out-of-doors. Upon awakening in the morning it seemed as if every voice of nature were calling her out. The waving grasses of the field, the robins in the cherry trees, the breezes from the far-away hills, the merry sunshine,—all seemed to beckon her to join them. The first spring days made her wild with delight.

At breakfast-time she would come in breathless from her early tramp to the woods laden with dewy flowers and vines for the parlor vases, and during the meal she would entertain the grown-up people with tales of her exploits and discoveries on her early rambles.

To the amusement of her parents she took possession of the whole country round about, and spoke of her pine grove, and of her old willow, and of her brook where her cardinal flowers bloomed in October. Having few playmates she found companionship in the great out-of-door world about her; and storm clouds and lightning flashes often drew her out to the hillside when the flowers were hidden in the shadows. Household duties, though not neglected, were despatched that she might have more time for her outside plans.

Before she was old enough to go alone her father had held her tiny hand in her walks, at the same time telling her of the Christ child who used to love the hills and flowers about Nazareth; and all along through her childhood he had taught her sweet lessons of God from the pages of nature's open book. As Madge grew older she developed a talent for sketching, and would spend hours under her artist's umbrella, trying to catch the morning light on the hillslope where her sheep were feeding, or in copying the haziness about the river, where her sheep were feeding, or in copying the haziness about the river, where her pond lilies slept. Long before she had thought of attempting to put on canvas the scenes about her, her love of sunlight and shadow had also taught her many of nature's secrets. Her teacher soon saw that she would excel in the landscapes, and her father, that she might enjoy and sketch new wonders of nature, took her to Switzerland. There, for the first time in her life, she was surrounded by a circle of young friends of her own age, and merry times they all had, climbing the Alps, crossing glaciers, and studying with Swiss artists. And there, where the world looked more beautiful to her than ever before, Madge had her first glimpse of its great need and wretchedness; for in the Swiss party there happened to be one of God's workers from Eastern Turkey, who was spending a few months among the Alps in search of needed rest and change. This lady's sympathy for young life had attracted Madge to her, and the two enjoyed many a long day together, exploring mountain heights. One day, after a hard climb to one of the greatest waterfalls, they nestled down in the shade of a mountain-side, among a clump of Alpine rose bushes, and there Madge drew from her friend the history of her life in the East, and was surprised beyond measure to learn of the misery and wretchedness of the poor people in that far-away land. The story of the oppression and suffering borne by heathen women opened her eyes to a new and wholly different life from her own, and for the first time she seemed to wake up to the idea that she might be required of her. As she looked out and away from her cozy mountain lodgment, her thoughts went far beyond the opposite snowy peaks, and our Alpine climber did a deal of thinking in a small space of time.

During the next few weeks her face was a study to her friends. She often found herself looking at life more earnestly, and longing to be accomplishing something, and to spend her energy on some one outside of self. Her past life looked like one of supreme selfishness to her. As her new friend told her of her plans for the next year, and of the enormous work expected of her in connection with the new girls' boarding school, Madge, in her impulsive way, wished to go back with her, and said perhaps God intended her to be just there. She was ready and willing to leave her home, and give her life to the work.

But her father and mother knew more of such a life than she did, and felt that the time for her to go as a missionary had not come. She came back to America with memories of her new-made friend and her work. She happened to be in Boston when Mrs. Moses Smith gave one of her delightful talks to young ladies, and there she learned how those who could not go to do this foreign work, might help almost as much by sending money. Discouraged at the thought that she had no money of her own, and not wishing to ask her father for any, she queried: 'How can I earn anything? Some of my friends are earning their living by type-writing, and telegraphy, and teaching, but I can't do any of those. I wonder,' and here a bright look came into her eye, 'I wonder if I could make my brushes foreign missionaries.' Her friends discouraged her in this thought, but she had a mind of her own, and tried. This was the small beginning of what was not so small in the end. The friends Madge made on her return to America were interested in various plans, and were surprised that it was difficult to get her to join in their clubs. 'Too busy,' was her excuse. Resolved to see what she was up to, they called at her house and found her in her den, as she called her studio, engrossed in work.

Odd bits of paper, strewn on the floor or pinned on the walls, showed most fascinating bends of rivers, old bridges, hay fields, and wood interiors. At this particular moment Madge was at work, in pen and ink, upon a book-cover design, putting the dearest little landscape into a frame of pussy willows. To her friends' question as to why she was confining herself so closely to her studio, she told them she was working for a firm in Boston.

As her father had more than enough to make his daughter happy and comfortable, her own friends could not understand why such a girl should be working as hard as she seemed to be doing. Then she told them her secret,—that she was earning money to send way off to Turkey, to help some poor Armenian girls in school.

I am afraid these friends did not fully appreciate it all; but as Madge went on with her work, and tasted the delight of direct service for the Master, life became grander and more noble to her; and as she told so sweetly her plan of work, her friends gradually thought it would be pleasant to do the same thing, and each in her own way put some talent to service, and all were surprised to find how much more blessed it was to give than to receive.

And the Armenian girls were no losers by all this. The success which these young workers had was really 'quite like a book,' as Madge said; and she added, 'If our wills are wholly given up to God, certainly he will put us in right places and direct us to do his work. Now I think that a young girl who can't go on a foreign mission can do some good at home; don't you?—Life and Light.'

The Story of a Letter.

'Off to work so early?'

James stopped in passing a boy who, like himself, was one of the workers on a large ranch. Caleb's stumpy figure was bending over a table in the rough back-porch, and his face was drawn into a pucker which told that his task was no easy one.

'Yes, it's early, I know, but it's mail day to-morrow, and I thought I'd send a letter.'

'Folks back east?' asked James.

'Well, I haven't got many folks. Ain't so well off as you are. It's my stepmother; but she is a good woman, and she likes to hear from me, and I think I ought to.'

No one ever thought of taking Caleb for an exemplar in anything. He was slow and very clumsy in his movements, and never dreamed of making a suggestion of duty to any one. But it had come to be observed that Caleb could be relied on.

'If you look for him where he belongs he is sure to be there,' his employer had been heard to say. And some of the boys noticed that Caleb's quiet 'I think I ought to,' always referred to something he was sure to do.

James had intended calling upon Caleb for assistance in the turning of water into the irrigating ditch, upon which the crops so largely depended; but he now turned away and went by himself, with a weight at his heart and a shadow upon his brow. If asked the reason for it he might have been slow to admit to any one else that it was called there by a consciousness of neglect of duty, but it was very plain to himself.

'Just a stepmother. If Caleb thinks it's a matter of "ought" to write to her about every mail day, I wonder what he'd do if he had a mother and a father and a sister. Heigho! I didn't expect to be gone three years when I got mad and quit.'

In the early springtime James had been seized with a spasm of remorse at his long, cruel neglect of those who loved him, and to

whom he realized he owed it to be such a comfort.

'I'll write. And some day I'll go back and do my best by 'em.'

He did write, his letter carrying all the joy which may be imagined into the old farmhouse. Father and mother had answered, the sight of the their poor, cramped handwriting bringing tears to the eyes of the wandering son. And Susan had written:

'Father says he'll never miss driving in to the post-office on the days that a letter could get here after your mail day. And mother stands at the gate watching for him to get back.'

It had reached his heart, and spurred him up to writing quite regularly for a while. And then the intervals between his letters had had grown longer, and now for weeks he had not written.

Passing, later, again near Caleb's rough library he paused with a half smile. The sun-tanned, freckled face was now in the throes of an effort to accomplish a fine-looking address to his letter, drawn into a series of knots and wrinkles astonishing to behold. All of a sudden they relaxed into a smile of pride and delight as he held up and contemplated the scraggy result of his efforts.

'I'd rather plough all day,' he said, meeting James' gaze with a beaming eye. 'Yes, I would. I always feel as though I'd tackled a big job and got the better of it when I've wrote a letter. I feel as light as a feather. When I used to let it slip, sometimes I felt as though I had a stone to carry. I feel that way now when writin' time's comin'. But I've found the best way to get rid of that feelin's just to get right at it and do it. I think that's the way with most things when you think you ought to, don't you?'

'Yes, I do,' said James, as he went on toward the stables. 'And when you know you ought to, as I do,' he added to himself.

Caleb followed him with a shout, betokening his unburdened condition of mind, and, leading out one of the shaggy ponies used in herding the cattle, was soon galloping the four miles to the point at which the weekly mail was gathered. Scant and irregular it was; and who can tell how many hearts watched for its news of loved ones, or waited in the weariness of hope deferred for tidings which did not come.

The full moon arose over the wide expanse of rolling, mountainous scenery as the rider's form was lost in the distance. James leaned against a rough cart and gazed half mechanically about him.

'I wish I had written, too. I didn't mean to get into loose ways about it again—as sure as I live I didn't. Mother watching at the gate, Susy said. I s'pose it's the same old gate—the one I used to swing on when I was little and got scolded for it. Next Tuesday'll be the day mother'll be watching.'

In the hush of the glorious light his thoughts wandered over years gone by. Far back, almost to infancy, did his memory stray, bringing up scenes vague and misty, incidents only dimly recalled; yet in all his mother's face, gentle and tender, seemed to stand out distinctly. Sometimes it bent over him in sickness, sometime he saw it in church, with the grave expression. Sometimes it bore a smile of sympathy with some of his small delights; again, perhaps, a frown, or a grieved look over his shortcomings.

'Yes, and I remember exactly how she looked when she whipped me, and how she would come to me in ten minutes afterwards, crying and begging me never to make her do it again. Poor mother,' with a remorseful smile, 'she didn't give it to me half hard enough.'

'I wonder how she looks now.' The very thought came with a sharp pang. It had never before occurred to him to wonder whether his mother had changed in these years in which he had not seen her. The line of thought, once struck, seemed to lead on without his own volition. It must be that the anguish of his abrupt leave-taking, the anxiety for his welfare, and the longing for a sight of him during this weary time had written deep lines upon the patient face.

'Ther's Caleb back.' James sprang up, as if in glad escape from the heavy thoughts, as the distant beat of hoofs smote upon his ear. 'She is only his stepmother, and yet he walks right up to the business like a soldier, hating it as he does. Caleb has the making of a soldier in him, I believe.'

James was many years older before he fully recognized the fact that there is nothing more heroic than the persistent standing by the duties, small or great, of every-day life.

'Hello, Caleb,' he cried; 'you've made a quick trip.'

'Yes,' said Caleb, still with the beaming face belonging to the finished letter. 'Shag hasn't been at work to-day, and he's as full of jump as if—as if—he'd got a letter off himself.'

James could not help joining in the boy's gleeful laugh.

'I wish I felt as good as you do, Caleb,' he said.

'I'll tell you what,' said Caleb,' with the air of one telling a great secret, 'I don't believe there's anything makes you feel half so good as doing something you think you ought to do.'

'Not going to turn in?' he asked, returning from the stable after giving his little nag faithful care.

'No, I'm going to write a letter.'

'I'm glad 'tisn't me,' with an expressive shake of his head. 'I'm tired enough to sleep for a week.'

. . . . . .

Mother was not watching at the gate on the Tuesday on which a letter might be expected from James. Indeed, there sometimes crept over father and Susan a cold chill of fear that she might never stand there or anywhere else again.

For the feet which had taken so many steps in loving ministering, which had so patiently held to the round of small duties laid out by him who orders all our ways, were at last taking a rest. She had been suffering from a slow fever, and the doctor shook his head with a discouraged face as day followed day, to be lengthened into week following week, and still the pulse grew weaker and the faded eyes dimmer.

'If there was anything to rouse her,' the old doctor had said, sorely perplexed at the utter lack of result to all his applied remedies. 'There isn't so much the matter with her; only a lack of vitality. Nothing seems to touch it.'

He sat with a helpless, baffled look. During the latter weeks Susan had stolen out on Tuesday for a little season of wistful watching for the longed-for letter which had never come. But to-day she sat still, weighed down by the burden of dread of what might be, scarcely hearing the slow rumble of the waggon as father drove along the lane. A few moments later he appeared at the door and held up a letter before Susan's eyes. She forgot her caution in a glad spring toward him.

'A letter! A letter from James!'

She controlled her voice in a whisper, but mother had been stirred from her half stupor and had opened her eyes. The doctor was watching her.

'Read it,' he said, motioning Susan to the seat at her mother's side.

'"Dear Mother,—I've been thinking to-night how long it is since I left home. I never thought it would be so long, really I didn't, when I got into a pet and came off. And if I've wondered once why I did it, I've wondered a thousand times, for I haven't in all these three years seen any place that was quite up to home. And if I was to stay three times three, I'd never find anybody like you and father and Susy.

'"There's another thing I've been wondering, and that's whether you want to see such a good-for-nothing as me there again?"'

A little sob came from mother, and Susan paused in alarm.

'Go on,' said the doctor.

'"But I'm 'most sure you would, and I'm coming home, mother. It won't be so very long before you see me. I've learned a lot of lessons since I left, and the one I've learned the best is that any boy who goes around the world hunting for a better place than home is a simpleton. So I'm coming to be your boy again. And if you don't find that I can be a comfort to you and father and Susy, why, all you can do is to send me away again."

'Her fever'll be up again,' said Susy, bending over her mother in a flutter of joy and anxiety.

But there was a smile on mother's face, and a light of hope and peace in her eyes which had long been wanting there.

'Thank God,' she whispered, 'my boy's coming home.'

And when James very soon followed his letter, he held his breath at learning how very near he had come to finding a desolate home, and thankfully rejoiced in the blessed privilege of winning his mother back to health and to happiness.

There are many boys who put off the home-letters and the home-coming until too late.—'Young Men's Era.'

The Reason Why.

(Relena R. Thomas, in the 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

'You are just in the nick of time!' said my shut-in friend, in reply to my offer to do any service for her. 'I was wishing I had some way of sending this to the letter-box.'

Before the letter had exchanged hands, however, some one boisterously bounded up the steps, and scarcely waiting for the not very cordial 'Come in,' opened the door, exclaiming:

'Say! ain't there something I can do for you 'fore school begins? A letter to mail, or some sort of an errand you'd like done?'

The boy who put these questions had a good face, and such a willing air, that I was surprised to see my friend shake her head, and hear her say: 'Thank you, Charlie, but there is nothing for you to do to-day.'

The boy, on hearing this, looked so disappointed that I was on the point of saying, 'Let him mail your letter,' when my friend seeming to surmise my intention, looked her disapproval, and then I discovered that the letter she was about to hand me when the boy appeared on the scene was not in sight.

With a crestfallen air the would-be errand boy started off, saying ruefully: 'I am sorry! I'd like to do errands for you, but somehow you don't let me any more.'

'I should think it would be nice to have so willing a boy live next door,' said I, as his

footsteps died away. 'You are sick and alone so much.'

'Nice! indeed, it is just the reverse. That boy is the plague of my life, with his constant pleading to do errands.'

Saying which she drew the letter from her pocket, adding, 'Lucky I heard him coming in time to hide this.'

'Well,' said I laughingly, 'You are an enigma to me, surely. You hailed my offer to mail your letter with evident delight, when I must go a block out of my way to do it, and spurn that of one who must pass the box on his way to school, besides wounding his feelings into the bargain.'

'Can't help it,' said my friend, positively, 'for in the one case I know that my letter will speedily start on its way to my anxious husband, while in the other it might never reach him.'

When I expressed surprise at her reluctance to trust so large a boy, she said, half impatiently, 'The reason why I cannot trust Charlie is because he is heedlessly heedless! He is one of the most willing boys I ever saw, and until I learned to my sorrow that I could not trust him to do anything out of my sight, I gladly availed myself of his willingness to do. But I soon learned how untrustworthy he is, and now I am at my wits' end with him, for I like the boy, in spite of his fault, and do not want his ill-will.'

And then my friend related how she had again and again heard that letters she had entrusted to the boy were received by friends long after written, and looking, as was reported, as if they had been carried for days in someone's pocket. And how in many other ways she had learned that the willing boy was such a heedless boy, that he was the reverse of trustworthy.

I tried to excuse him, saying, 'He is young yet! he will outgrow it after a little.' But the one who protested that she had long made 'a study of boys,' replied warmly: 'No such a thing! A heedless boy, nine times out of ten, makes a heedless man! There was my two brothers for instance; James was always to be trusted! When told to do a thing, while a mere baby, his "Es, me do it" was sure to result in his doing his very best. And so from boyhood to manhood he could be trusted in everything to do his best. And now, as you know, his word is considered as good as an order on the bank.

'But, poor Will! from babyhood was like the boy who just left us, as heedless as he was handsome. He was kind-hearted and willing, too, just like Charlie, but was of no earthly use to any one, because of his heedlessness. And I am ashamed to say that even now such is the case to a great extent.

'If Will were to happen in here now and I were to hand him this letter—something I never would think of doing—and tell him it was very important, he would take it cheerfully, and promise to mail it at once, but the chances would be that he would tuck it into his pocket and not think of it again until he happened to discover it.

'But James, dear faithful brother! would carry a letter in his hand, and not turn aside for anything until it was mailed. I tell you, heedless men are heedless boys grown tall! If Charlie is not to be trusted now, the chances are that when he comes to manhood people will say of him, "He is a good-hearted fellow, but not reliable."'

And so I learned the reason why my lone friend would not avail herself of the boy's proffered services. He is bright and willing, but alas! so heedless that he is unfitted to do a trifling errand for one he loves.

Perhaps the one whose patience has been sorely tried by this heedlessness was rather severe on him. He may outgrow it. But thinking over her words, I have concluded to pass them on, hoping that the eyes of some now heedless boy may thereby be opened to his weakness, and that before it has become 'second nature,' he may, with Divine help, overcome the fault of helplessness.

Esther's Resolve.

'I wonder what made uncle say father looks so much older?' soliloquized Esther. She was taking her father's dinner to the cornfield, and as she drew nearer she looked at him with, as it were, fresh eyes. 'He is more bent and more grey somehow,' she decided as she made him comfortable and waited for the empty basin and tea-can.

Rather slowly she went home again to the pretty little rose-covered cottage. She knew times had been bad lately and work scarce, and the winter would be coming. She knew all that, but what could she do except do the housework faithfully and help her mother to save?

As she reached their garden gate she met little Ned Wright wheeling a barrow surmounted by a small yellow box.

'Hullo, Essie!' said he, proudly, 'our Liz is going to service to-day.'

Esther smiled, and nodded in the sympathetic way which made her such a favorite, but the words sunk into her heart. Why should she not go to service, too?

Her mother and the children were watching for her. She went indoors and washed the dinner things, set the tea, fed the chickens, put her sisters to bed, and got out her needlework.

But the thought of going to service ran through all. It was a hateful idea, she told herself, she could surely wait to go away till her father said he was tired of her, or could not afford to keep her.

Once Esther's eyes were open, she could not close them to things around her. As the days passed on she noticed how shabby her mother's Sunday dress and her father's only black coat were becoming, and she saw her mother shake her head when the winter was mentioned.

'Father,' she said suddenly one evening, 'I am thinking of going to service if mother will spare me. Nellie could do my work quite easily, I am sure!'

'Why, my child!'

Esther had begun bravely enough, but the thoughts of Nellie's doing her duties was too much, and she broke down in a passion of weeping.

Her father got up and stroked her head softly. 'I see why you proposed it, child,' he said. 'I know the love you bear us. Times are indeed dark, and we must think it over.'

Esther hurried away and had her cry out in the wood shed till she heard a rapping on the door and went to find the postman holding a letter for her.

Such a thing as a letter was an event in the small household, and Esther broke it open eagerly. It was from Lizzie Wright, saying her mistress wanted a second girl to train as housemaid, and begging Esther to think of it and come straight off.

'I'm sure it would be right to go,' Esther said firmly, as they talked it over that evening. 'I'll go for a year at any rate, and oh! how nice it will be to send you home some money every month. You must get to look young again, father dear!'

Her father smiled. Esther's love and unselfishness had done more than she had any idea of to smooth the tired look from his face.

Six months later Esther came home for her first holiday, and there at the station with beaming faces stood her father and mother to welcome her. 'You are looking older at any rate, Esther, laughed her mother. But Esther only hugged them both, and said she was not going to pay them any such compliment.—'Our Darlings.'

Adam Conway's Place.

(Mrs. S. Rosalie Sill, in the 'American Messenger.')

There had been a revival in Covington, and among those who had professed a hope in Christ were Julian Pierson and Adam Conway.

Both of these men were young; neither having quite attained his majority. Pierson belonged to one of the most wealthy and influential families in town. Adam Conway was the only son of a man who had died a drunkard. His mother was a devoted Christian, and he had three sisters, younger than himself, who as yet were too young to support themselves. People speaking of those two young men said, 'What a splendid future awaits Julian Pierson! He will undoubtedly be an honor to our town. But there is Adam, poor fellow! What can he ever amount to, burdened as he is with the stigma of his drunken father and with three sisters to care for?'

Mr. Lawson, the leading merchant in Covington, kindly offered Adam a situation in his store, giving him sufficient wages to keep the wolf from the door, with the prospect of advancement if he should prove worthy. Adam found that for a very small sum he could have the use of a small house and garden, just out of town on a steep hill-side, so he took it; saying:

'The air will be fresh, and good for the girls. If I arise very early in the morning I can work in the garden and thus add not a little to our table supplies. It will be farther for me to walk; but then I am young and strong.'

There were many youths lounging about the stores and saloons evenings, and Adam greatly desired to do something for them. Speaking to Mr. Lawson, who was a Christian, he readily fell in with the idea, offering Adam the use of a room, and promising to have it warmed and lighted at his own expense.

Adam spoke to some of the youths, and he found a few would gladly come to an evening school.

'If a few come others will follow,' Adam said to his mother.

'But, my son, I fear so much work will overtax you.'

'Who was it said to me the other day, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me"?'

'Do as you will, Adam; I dare not counsel you not to do it. If the Lord desires you to go forward he will lead you as he led the Israelites of old.'

The school was opened; only a handful at first, yet it was owned and blessed of the Lord and increased week by week.

Before the school had been held three months the people of Covington saw its benefits to the community and gladly proffered aid, which Adam gratefully accepted, as he could do so much more good with enlarged facilities.

There was a school every week-day evening, with the exception of Thursday; this was the evening for prayer-meeting, which Adam never failed of attending. Many of Adam's

scholars went to the prayer-meeting with him, and it was not long before there were some conversions among those boys who had been considered the pest of the town.

At the end of the year young Conway was promoted, and he could now afford to send his eldest sister to a better school; this he had much desired to do, as his sister Edith was a bright girl, giving promise of a noble womanhood.

Young Pierson had graduated from college and returned home. He was much sought after, as he was witty and handsome, possessing a genial disposition which rendered him a very desirable companion.

However, it was soon known that the house of the Lord was not the place he most frequented. The mid-week prayer-meeting was never gladdened by his testimony for Jesus.

Three years passed away; Julian Pierson had never entered upon any active word, but still lived as a pensioner upon his father's bounty.

One day a group of men in Mr. Lawson's store were discussing things, as men are wont to do, when one said:

'I should think Julian Pierson would have to take up some work before long. The old gentleman's place is running down and getting very seedy.'

'The splendid old estate has not changed any more than its owner,' said another. 'He looks old and careworn.'

'Had you heard the news about young Pierson?' said a man as he entered the store.

'No. What is it?' asked Mr. Lawson.

'Why, it seems he went to a wine and card party somewhere down the river last night. Coming home he attempted to board a train, when his head was the worse for wine, and he fell and the cars passed over him. I do not know the exact extent of his injury, but I heard that Dr. Warrer said, "If he lives he will never walk."'

'I remember,' said Judge Rawson, 'how some were making comparisons between Pierson and Conway at the time of their uniting with the church. Pierson has gone steadily downward, while Conway has been persistently rising. I expect you will keep Conway with you, Mr. Lawson.'

'I should be glad to if I could. However, Conway goes, in a few days, to a better situation than I can offer him.'

'What is that?'

'President of the new bank here.'

'It is wonderful how Conway has risen. I do sometimes wonder at it.'

'I do not wonder at it. You remember Conway has always performed the nearest duty, and done it well! He has always done what he considered was for the best interest of his fellow-men—even at the cost of great exertion. You also remember how David speaks of the Lord's setting him in a large place: do you not? Well, I think the Lord has set Adam Conway in a large place because of his faithfulness.'

'Dare to be a Daniel.'

The son of a president of one of our most prominent Eastern colleges was about leaving his native town for Paris to enter upon a special course in surgery.

As he was bidding his friends good-by, his betrothed, obeying a sudden impulse, whispered as her parting word:

'Charlie, dare to be a Daniel!'

'Only that old saw,' said he, while a look of disappointment shadowed his face.

'That only, Charlie, but it may mean much to you,' was her answer.

The bearer of a letter of introduction to a distinguished nobleman and scientist in Paris, the young American was soon received with marked kindliness.

In a few days he was the recipient of an invitation to a small banquet at the count's residence, at which were present some of the savants of the great city.

During the progress of the feast the host, filling his ruby-tinted glass (an example which his guests followed), proposed a toast 'To the wives, daughters and sweethearts of America,' to which he invited a response from his youthful guest, motioning a servant meanwhile to fill his glass with the red wine.

What followed can best be told in the young man's own words:—

'Mother [he wrote], for a moment I was in agony of trepidation. I would rather have faced a cannon. All had risen, and in the hand of each was the cup of wine, which I had been pledged from my childhood not to "touch, taste nor handle." My head swam. Suddenly I heard the words, "Dare to be a Daniel!" They shot through my head like an electric flash. Instantly my resolution was taken. I touched my white glass,— a servant filled it with water. Rising, I said as well as I could for the great lump in my throat:—

'"I beg leave to say that to the typical wife, daughter and sweetheart of America, the purity of this, nature's own beverage, illustrates the lives they aim to lead and the dangers which they seek to avoid. Permit me to use it in their dear names."

'Following the example of Count B——, every white glass was instantly raised and the toast drunk.'—'New Voice.'

Helped.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

(In Two Parts.)

PART II.

(Continued.)

'Not they! They were fighting amongst themselves for the laurels, when Macon stepped in and scooped the whole lot. Yes, it was nice.'

'Let's call round and tell him so,' suggested Brown.

The next morning Richard was in his room smiling to himself as he thought of the last night's happenings, when there was a knock at his door. He looked up expectantly. Was any further pleasure in store for him?

Trevor Gale came in.

'Shake hands!' demanded Trevor, with enthusiasm. 'It was glorious!'

By and by, when they had talked, he said: 'In the second place, I came on business. Would you like to earn some money easily? There are two or three text-books to sell in college. I can't attend to any more things, but I thought perhaps that you would like to take them up. Would you?'

Richard thought of his shabby clothes, his bare room, his pinching economies. He tried not to think of them; he tried to think only of his father and of the resolve which he had made, and which so far he had kept.

'No—no, I guess not,' he answered, awkwardly. 'Thank you, but I—guess not.' His eyes fell on the little worn Bible, which was kept on the table now instead of in the bookshelves. He wavered no more.

'My father does everything for me,' he said. 'I owe all my education to my father.'

Richard saw the expression in Trevor Gale's eyes. But he could not help it. He could not explain.

Thevor soon left. When he went he shut the door behind him with some emphasis.

'Too good to work!' he said to himself as he stamped down the hall. 'He'd rather his father would do it for him. I haven't much use for that particular kind of an idiot.'

It was probably some weeks before this that Mrs. Peter Emmett went to see Luther Macon at his own house.

He stared when he saw who his visitor was. But in a moment he had offered her a chair very courteously, as if her being there was a natural thing.

'I came,' said Mrs. Emmett without delay, 'to speak to you about my son.'

Mr. Macon bent his head gravely.

'He is here often,' Mrs. Emmett continued; 'he is with you every day.'

She hesitated. The shawl had slipped from her head, leaving plainly revealed the tense pallor of her look.

'My boy,' she said, 'is not a good boy.'

It was spoken at last, the confession which she had made before to no human being, hardly to herself, or to God.

'I am afraid,' she cried out sharply, 'for him to be with you! Night and day I am afraid!'

Then she sat silent. The careful appeal which she had many times rehearsed as she went about her work in the week and during the minister's sermons on Sundays, failed her now.

Mr. Macon walked back and forth through the wretched room twice.

'I understand how it has seemed,' he said. 'Forgive me that I have let you come, that I did not tell you long ago. That which brings Lew here, Mrs. Emmett, will do him no harm. He comes from pity for my ruin and loneliness, and with the youthful confidence that, in some way, the future will mend all. Sometimes, for a little space, I almost believe it with him; they are my best moments; they hold me to my work.'

Even in her absorption, a passing wonder struck upon Mrs. Emmett's mind, but it was swallowed up in thirsty attention to what he might say further.

'Compassion and hope and the will to help are divine impulses,' he said. 'You may trust Lew to them in my company more safely than with better men without them.'

She stood up. The fear that had tormented her for long weeks slipped from her. She shook his hand and thanked him and went away.

But on the step she turned back and opened the door again.

'Mr. Macon,' she said, clearly, speaking across the room to him, 'hope and help and pity are strong and steadying things, even in my poor, weak boy. But in God himself they are salvation.'

Toward the end of the second term, Trevor Gale was delivering himself of his opinion of Richard Macon to a few of his classmates.

'What the fellow means,' said Gale, 'by all his airs about money is beyond me. He will not lift a finger ever to earn a cent. And it must be a terrible squeeze for him to get along.'

'It must be,' said Jerry Moulton. 'I can't imagine how he manages. I don't know what he eats.

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LITTLE FOLKS

Rushes.

(E. A. B., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

Where is the boy or girl who has not enjoyed gathering rushes? To many of us it is, I expect, one of the happiest memories of our childhood.

How delightful it was on a bright summer's day to start off on an expedition to some stream or pond where rushes grew; how recklessly we leaned over the bank, or even knelt on the wet grass, so as to get a better grasp of the long green reeds which were so precious in our eyes.

We knew how best to gather

them; others might hack at the rushes with a knife, and thus get a handful at a time it is true, but such short, stubby rushes would not suit our purpose.

Slowly and carefully we pulled each rush separately from its soft bed in the muddy stream; then when a sufficient quantity had been collected we would sit down under a shady tree, and whilst our sisters made baskets with their rushes, with ours we proudly plaited whips—such whips! firm and strong, which we would hardly have exchanged then for a king's ransom.

I saw a poor old man selling just such whips once, and as I looked, I forgot all the cares and troubles of my manhood—forgot even the crowded street in which I stood, and was for a few short minutes a happy, careless child, with no greater anxiety on my mind than how I could reach the longest rushes in the stream at my feet.

Rushes were much used by our ancestors in the middle ages for strewing the floors of churches and halls, for carpets were then all but unknown.

Willam the Conqueror gave one of his Norman favorites some land on the condition that he sent the King rushes for his bed-chamber, and the chronicler Froissart tells us of a room which was 'strewed with rushes and green leaves, and the walls were hung with boughs, newly cut, for perfume.'

Queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber at Greenwich was also strewn with rushes.

This all sounds very pretty, but there is another side to the picture, and these green rushes were often strewn on floors to hide the dirt underneath, which no one in those days seemed to think of sweeping up and clearing away.

A writer in good Queen Bess's days tells us that sometimes rushes were left on the floor for twenty years or more, fresh rushes being laid on the top of the old ones. The habits of our forefathers were very far from cleanly—bones and grease and other refuse were usually thrown on the floor for the dogs to take or to leave, and the smell of all this and of the decaying rushes was very unpleasant, and was the cause of many a disease.

Rushes had also another use: they were burnt as candles by the country people until the beginning of this century. Rushlights were well known also by the Romans, and were used by them for torches at their funerals.

A Christmas Tree in Labrador

'It's such a long way off,' sigh the little ones—Christmas, of course, we mean. Yes! it is a long way off, whether we look back at that lovely Christmas in the past with all its pleasures and all its pretty gifts; (some of the gifts look as though they thought so too, don't they?) or whether we look forward to that wonderful one that is coming—coming very fast, and that is sure for many of us to be even fuller of fun and happiness than the last. But, seeing we can't have a Christmas at midsummer, don't you think it would be the next best thing to hear about the happy time some children in Labrador had at their last Christmas? Do not forget that whatever you give for Labrador, will help to bring a little of such brightness into somebody's life. Those gifts that have gone and are going in the barrels that some of your mothers have been busy with this summer, will perhaps help to trim such a tree next Christmas, though we may not hear about that one till next midsummer, you know.

This is what one of the papers in St. John's, Nfld., said about that Christmas tree.

Dec. 27, 1904.—The annual Christmas tree held by the Deep Sea Mission for the children of this place, took place last night. About 150 persons of all ages and sizes attended. The proceedings took place in the building now being erected by the Mission for the Men's Social Club. Dr. Simpson gave some songs and music through his large gramophone to the great pleasure of the audience; then the curtain across the west end of the building was drawn back and disclosed a splendid tree, covered from top to floor with presents. In one corner was a large clock, and in

front a little fairy dressed in white. Beginning at one o'clock the fairy touched each hour with her wand and a bell struck the hour, and the face of a smiling youngster appeared through the face of the clock. At 12 it was expected Santa Claus' face would appear, but he was not to be seen, so a search was made for him. Some one raised the lid off a large box and up popped Father Christmas, smiling and bowing. He informed the children that but for the frosty weather (the thermometer had been 20 degrees below zero) he would have been here before. He complained of old age and many infirmities, and said that next year he expected to bring his old woman with him. He then proceeded to distribute the presents, giving something to each child, and concluded by telling them that he would be sure to come again next year.

The meeting closed with three cheers for Santa Claus and three cheers and a tiger for Dr. and Mrs. Simpson, who so kindly arranged the whole affair, and gave much time and trouble to make it a success.

Valor Has Its Reward.

(For the 'Messenger,' by a Little Girl)

Once there was a poor woodcutter who lived in a little hut on the edge of a forest. He was very poor and worked to support his sister. He just made enough money to put food in their mouths and keep them from starving. One day as he was working hard, he heard a cracking of twigs, and a man emerged from the forest to his side, and after watching him for some time, said: 'My friend, you have to work very hard, it seems.' 'Yes sir,' answered the woodcutter, 'I have to work very hard to keep my sister and myself from starving. It is slow and hard work, and I often get tired chopping, when it only makes enough money to put food in our mouths. And I often wonder why I should have to drudge away while other young men enjoy themselves.' 'Yes, my son, it is very hard, but always remember that "Valor has its reward," and with that the stranger vanished. The woodcutter thought no more about his strange visitor, until the next day, the king of the country sent for him, and when he came, the king said: 'I have seen how diligently you have worked, and now I am going to reward you, for I will make you court woodcutter this very day.' From that day the woodcutter was a rich man. So the old saying came true, that 'Valor has its reward.'—D. Workman.

A Big Brother.

(By Barbara Griffiths.)

When Johnny hears the baby cry,
He doesn't just go whistling by,
The way that some girls' brothers do,
And say, 'What ails the kid now, Sue?'

No, Johnny's not that kind a bit;
He comes and helps me out with it,
The best he can; and he's so bright
He always gets things going right.

He has a monkey jumping-jack,
With purple tail and yellow back;
'Hi, now!' he says, 'just see him climb!'
And then the baby, every time,
Forgets to cry, and jumps and crows,
As up and down the monkey goes
And Johnny laughs and laughs—dear me!
A better brother couldn't be.'

Assistant Farmers.

Onions, turnips, beets, tomatoes, peas, celery—my! I guess I'll have as grown-up a garden as grandfather's is!' exclaimed Willie happily, as he named over the different seeds he was going to plant, as soon as he got the 'corner lot' ready for the beds.

Suddenly he stopped digging and began striking his hoe vigorously into the soft soil.

'What's the matter, Willie?' called grandfather from the onion-bed; 'what have you found?'

'One, two, ten, twenty—why hundreds of them, grandfather and they'll eat every seed I plant!' exclaimed Willie excitedly, as he began to cut the soil with his hoe more vigorously than ever.

'Hundreds of what?' and grandfather raised himself slowly from his knees.

'Worms, grandfather; and I'll not have a single thing come up.'

The little fellow's face looked a very picture of despair, as visions of early vegetables—a surprise for father—that he had planned to take back to his city home, suddenly disappeared.

'Why, I never call them worms.'

'But they are worms—angleworms, grandfather.'

'Yes, but I never call them so,' laughed grandfather at the serious little face. 'I call them farmers—my assistant farmers—and the more work I have for them, the better I like it.'

'Farmers! Worms, farmers—and work? Why, grandfather, all they do is squirm and wiggle.'

'Certainly, that's their work. Don't you see, they angle their way through the soil, and so make it light and loose. They are regular little plows; fertilizing the soil, too, as they plow, so to speak.'

'But—but, grandfather, don't they eat the seeds while they are resting?'

'No, indeed; my little assistants don't destroy; they only aid in my crop-raising.'

'I didn't know I was going to have some hired help this summer, when you gave me my garden,' laughed Willie.

'You're not going to,' chuckled grandfather, as he returned to his onion-bed; 'they work for nothing!'—'Sunbeam.'

The Two Foxes.

A Fable.

In the depths of a forest lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language, 'Let's quarrel.'

'Very well,' said the other; 'as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?'

'Oh, it can't be difficult,' said fox number one; 'two-legged people fall out, why should not we?'

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones. 'There,' said he, 'you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. These stones are mine.'

'Very well,' answered the other gently, 'you are welcome to them.'

'But we shall never quarrel at this rate,' cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

'You old simpleton! don't you know that it takes two to make a a quarrel any day?'—'Sunday Reading.'

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 20.

Jehoiakim Burns the Word of God.

Jeremiah xxxvi., 21-32.

Golden Text.

Amend your ways and your doings, and obey the voice of the Lord your God. Jer. xxvi., 13.

Commit verses 22-24.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 14.—Jer. xxxvi., 1-10.
Tuesday, Aug. 15.—Jer. xxxvi., 11-20.
Wednesday, Aug. 16.—Jer. xxxvi., 21-32.
Thursday, Aug. 17.—II. Kings xxiii., 31-xxiv., 4.
Friday, Aug. 18.—II. Chron. xxxvi., 1-8.
Saturday, Aug. 19.—Jer. xxvi., 1-11.
Sunday, Aug. 20.—Jer. xxvi., 12-24.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Jehoiakim is a type of the sinful and asserting itself in terror and wrath against the righteous judgments of God. His fate is a terrible example of the folly of doing so. A merciful Providence had given him every opportunity of repentance. God had allowed him to be dethroned, put in irons, his face set toward Babylon. Then came an unexpected reversal of fortune—liberation anw re-enthronement. God's hand ought to have been recognized, but was not. Neither severity nor goodness affected his obdurate heart.

In the present instance the threatening prophecies, so lately and publicly read, could not long, in the nature of things, be secreted from the king. But his courtiers approached him with consummate skill. They left the scroll behind, lest the very sight of it should inflame him. They secreted the prophet and his amanuensis, lest the king in his rage should kill them. They attempted to break the 'burden' of the prophet in the softest manner possible, in hopes that his stubborn will would yield and disaster be averted.

The king was seated in the winter residence portion of the palace, which was itself the target for the prophet's shafts—a house with spacious apartments and airy balconies, ceiled with cedar, painted with vermilion, but built with enforced and unrequited labor.

The strategy of the nobles availed nothing in this instance. The king was in a passion at once. He demanded to see the scroll. When three or four columns were read he could endure no more. In spite of the entreaties which his princes had the courage to make, with the deliberation of an implacable malice he prepared to destroy the parchment. Taking a scribe's knife, sharp for mending pens and for making erasures, he began cutting the odious document into shreds, and kept dropping it, piece by piece, into the brazier of live coals and waiting till each piece had shrivelled up before he dropped another, until the whole was consumed. He would have dealt in the same manner with Jeremiah and Baruch if he could have laid hands upon them. But how secure are they whom the Lord hides!

Doubtless the king congratulated himself upon the total destruction of the hateful writings. How brief the respite. The scroll was a phoenix. It rose from its own ashes. Not a syllable was wanting. And there were terrible additions, to the effect that the land should be entirely desolate, that no descendant of the king should permanently sit upon his throne, and that his corpse should meet a fate peculiarly revolting to the Oriental mind.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. Jehoiakim a Type.
1. Self-assertion against God.
2. His warning: its failure.
3. Defiant destruction of the Scripture.
4. Its impotence. Scroll a phoenix.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

This celebrated scene is so dramatic that the temptation is strong, to use it in a rhetorical way. For example, at first blush it seems to fit in a singularly clever manner the so-called higher critic. He is apparently engaged in cutting the Bible to pieces. And to all intents and purposes his work is as futile as that of Jehoiakim's pen-knife.

On the other hand, to disallow the correct and reverent application of the working principles of literary criticism to the Scriptures is to put them in the category with the golden plates of the Mormon Bible.

The verified and assured conclusions of scientific criticism must be received or the Church and individual falls out hopelessly in the march of the world's life.

The critic's pen-knife may be doing the work of the surgeon's scalpel. It may be ridding the body of Scripture from foreign and alien matter. It may bring into proper position parts which have been misplaced.

The Bible can not only endure, it can challenge criticism. No true friend of the sacred book should seek to exempt it from the test of literary criticism. When all is said and done it is highly probable that for substance of doctrine and precept we shall have the same old book our fathers had.

The knife and fire were so very handy. Sight of them suggested the means of destruction. The angry kind snatched the knife from the scribe's girdle. And there stood the brazier of red hot coals. The implements of vice are rightly banished by law. Men act largely by suggestion. Out of sight is to be out of mind for most. The saying that opportunity makes thieves is not strictly true; but all will agree that it is well to have the opportunities reduced to a minimum.

Jehoiakim was practically sold out to heathenism when he came to his throne. He was Pharaoh's puppet, and to please his master added Egyptian rites to others which he adopted.

'Another roll.' Truth gained emphasis by reiteration. Spite of knife and fire the word of God remains and is indestructible.

Baruch deserves to have his name perpetuated. He knew the peril of being scribe to Jeremiah. At first he demurred, but when he once accepted the office he gave a splendid example of constancy and courageously read the prophets' message in the court of the temple.

Sad days were these. The times were evil. Josiah's death is declared to have been the most tragic event in Hebrew history. And the complete destruction of the land by the king of Babylon was now impending.

There is deep significance in the juxtaposition of this lesson and the preceding. The former shows the Bible honored. This the Bible dishonored. To Josiah the Bible was a savor of life to life. To Jehoiakim of death to death. In no mystical way, but none the less efficiently, the Bible slays or makes alive as men use it to-day.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 20.—Topic—The duty of winsomeness. Proverbs xv., 13-15; I. Corinthians ix., 19-22.

Solomon was several millenniums ahead of his day when he described the tonic effect of cheerfulness—and the power of suggestion for good or evil in the treatment of disease. A merry heart makes and multiplies cheerful countenances, but sorrow treasured and cultivated in the heart is a spirit-breaker. Merriness is best medicine. But gladness must have an unfailing source. It must not depend upon one's environment. If it does it will be intermittent. A heart at one with God is the perennial fountain of gladness.

Junior C. E. Topic.

JAPAN.

Monday, Aug. 14.—'He maketh his sun to rise. Matt. v., 45.

Tuesday, Aug. 15.—From the rising to the setting sun. Mal. i., 11.

Wednesday, Aug. 16.—The Lord shall be praised. Ps. cxiii., 3, 4.

Thursday, Aug. 17.—The people shall be righteous. Isa. lx., 20-22.

Friday, Aug. 18.—Gentiles shall come. Isa. lx., 3.

Saturday, Aug. 19.—The Lord has called Isa. xlii., 6-10.

Sunday, Aug. 20.—Topic—The land of the rising sun. Isa. lix., 19. (Missionary meeting.)

A Valuable Church.

In the heart of the business section of London, England, there is almost no limit to the price that may be obtained for land by the fortunate individual who has any to sell there—and wants to sell it.

An exchange says that 'the old rumor that a fabulous price has been offered for the site of the ancient Dutch church in Austin Friars is afloat again. Some time ago, says an exchange, the officials of the church refused an offer of £500,000, a site on the Thames Embankment, and a new church, for the land on which the church stands. Austin Friars is a back alley close by the Bank of England, where land has priceless value, and the rumor that £1,000,000 has been offered for the Dutch Church, which covers about a quarter of an acre, has nothing ridiculous about it. But the Dutch Church has great possessions of its own and its endowment is also very great, so that it is highly improbable that the million sterling—even if it has been offered—would tempt the officials to part with their historic site.'

Such an offer suggests many things to all thoughtful minds. A church property may be rated exceedingly high by the community, but it does not follow from this that the church itself is a blessing beyond its poorer sisters. There is the world's rating of a church's value, and there is God's rating; there is the world's estimate of what a man is worth, and there is God's. But it is God's rating that counts, for the church—for the man—and for me.—A. W. R.

'If I Should Die Before I Wake'

''F I should die 'fore I wake,' said Donny, kneeling at grandmother's knee, ''f I should die 'fore I wake—'

'I pray—' prompted the gentle voice. 'Go on, Donny.'

'Wait a minute,' interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying away downstairs. In a brief space he was back again, and, dropping down into his place, took up his petition where he left it. But when the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke concerning the interruption.

'But I did think what I was sayin',' grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menageries and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads just to see how he'd tear round in the mornin'. But 'f—I should die 'fore I wake, why—I didn't want him to find 'em that way, so I had to go down and fix 'em right. There's lots of things that seem funny if you're goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you wake.'

Donny's comment on his prayer strikes the root of the whole matter. There are some things that may seem funny, if you are going to live, but if you are going to die before you wake, why—they will not seem so funny. You can take this boyish way of putting it, and go far into the whole manner of living and praying—and dying—and you cannot fail to be helped. Who is there among us who is not waiting for some better day in which to do things that ought to be done—to-day, the neglect of which, should we die before we wake, will leave some sad hearts behind us, and perhaps give some restless twinges in the dying pillow.—'Wellspring.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Correspondence

Q. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like the Correspondence and Children's Pages very much. This is my first drawing and letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. I have three brothers and six sisters. My three older sisters and one of my brothers are out in Manitoba. We have a dog called Watch, and he will shake hands with us. We have three cats and one kitten.

ANNIE KELLY (age 11).

S. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending some drawings, and will write a letter too. I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and like it very much. I like the Correspondence Page, but I hardly ever see any letters from anyone that I know. My birthday is on Feb. 8. I am enjoying my holidays. I passed the examination for promotion in the junior fourth.

MABEL E. D. (age 10).

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would write a letter for the Correspondence Page. We all like the paper very much, especially that page. I go to school, and will be trying the junior teachers' examination next summer. I like drawing, and am sending in a drawing named 'The Leader of the Herd,' which I copied after I was done milking, and I hope it will be reproduced. We live on a farm on which is a small rounded lake almost surrounded by the woods. This lake is very pretty when one, standing on the hills above, can get a view of it and see a flock of ducks swimming upon its cool, rippling waters and a deer grazing in the surrounding meadow. This lake is called Mud Lake, because its waters are about two feet deep and beneath this is mud. If anything falls into this lake it soon disappears from sight. I would like to see other letters in your paper from this vicinity.

FLORENCE C.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and we have taken it eighteen years, and we all like it very much. I live on a farm, situated on the Thames River, and in the summer time it is noted for its lovely scenery. We have a brickyard, and a sawmill, and a number of cattle and horses. I have three cats; one of them is named Nicodemus. He stays at the barn. When we milk he will stand up on his hind legs, and you can milk into his mouth. I went to school every day before the holidays. I am in the third class. My birthday is on March 4, and I am ten years old I have read these books: 'Black Beauty,' 'Grimm's Fairy Tales,' and 'Cinderella.' I have two sisters and two brothers.

GLADYS E. JANES.

Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a few years, and like it very much. I am sending a drawing, and hope that you will think it good enough for publication; if not I shall try to draw a better one. I would also like to know if we can send in more than one drawing.

J. W. REID.

(You certainly may send more than one drawing if you number them on the back. We may not print more than one, but you have a better chance of seeing that one.

In the picture printed to-day called 'Busy at Work,' we have the work of a young artist whose pictures we have printed before; but on account of the interest in subject, we think the present picture deserves space. We wish, however, she had written a letter telling us about this boy and girl and their garden.—Cor. Editor.)

R. B., Gaspé.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much; we receive it every Monday, and it is a welcome guest in our home. I hope some day to send one of my drawings. I live on a farm, and I go to school. I have three sisters and two brothers. My oldest brother will be ten years old next June, and never walked. He is a cripple; he creeps around on his hands and knees. Mother taught him to read, and he can read quite fluently, and can sew nicely. He is making a quilt at present for his own bed. His name is Ernest. He is trying hard to compose poetry. He wants me to put in a few lines that he composed to have it printed at the close of this letter.

ADA D. S.

(We are all glad to hear of your brave, bright little brother. We do not print his verses because he has not yet learned to rhyme the lines very well. You must read poetry aloud to him as he sews. Tell him we think it would be better to commit to memory himself beautiful poems that others have written, for a long time yet. That will help him bye and bye more than he can imagine.—Cor. Ed.)

O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My aunt takes the 'Messenger' for me, and I like it very much. She takes a lot of papers and magazines, and she likes reading very much. Before I was a year old we moved to Manitoba, and when I was three years old my aunt came to visit us, and she brought me back with her to get my foot straitened. I have had six operations on it, and it is pretty near all right now. I am very fond of reading, and some of the books which I have read are: 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Faithful and True,' 'Elsie Dinsmore,' 'Elsie's Holidays,' 'Elsie's girlhood,' 'Elsie's Womanhood,' 'In His Steps; or, What would Jesus Do?' I go to school, and am in the third reader. I like my teacher very much.

EUNICE A. M.

V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My grandfather has taken it for a long time, and we like it. I like to read the 'Little Folks' Page.' I wonder if any other girl's birthday is the same as mine, April 27? I live in a small village on the Nation River. It is grand to see the great cakes of ice going over the dam while people young and old were on the bank watching. My grandfather and uncle are carpenters. I live with my grandfather and grandmother, and my aunt and uncle live just next door. They have a cow and a calf and a horse. We have an old black dog whose age is fifteen years. I wonder if any of you girls have read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Wide, Wide World.' They are both very nice books.

LOLA I. McKEE (age 10).

A., Que.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bagster Bible safely, and thank you very much for sending it so promptly. It far exceeds my expectations.

INDA SLOAN.

Anstruther, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the 'Messenger' lent me by a neighbor, and would like to subscribe for it myself. I have never written to any paper, and do not know much about it; but will try. I am only a little boy nine years old. I live with my grandparents; my little brother and I came here when I was sixteen months old. My mamma died when my brother was three weeks old, and he died when he was five and a half years old. We miss him very much even now. I am in the third reader, and I like going to school.

ROY E. ELMHURST.

N., Man.

Dear Editor,—My papa has a farm of 320 acres. I have nearly two miles to walk to the school. I study arithmetic, writing, geography, composition, drawing, reading, spelling and physiology. I like my teacher very well. I have five cats and three dolls. My cats' names are Kate White Sweet, Golden Hair White-Slippers, Amy May, Lucy and Nibs. My dolls' names the Beauty Emma, Rose Katie Emma Sweet and Bessie Adeline. My grandpa is here from near Kingston on a visit. He is a Scotchman. He came from Glasgow when he was a little boy. My grandma died last winter. My grandpa was very lonesome without her, so he took a trip out to see us. We are having lots of rain, and the crops look well. I will be ten years old on Sept. 16. I enclose fifty cents for the Cot Fund.

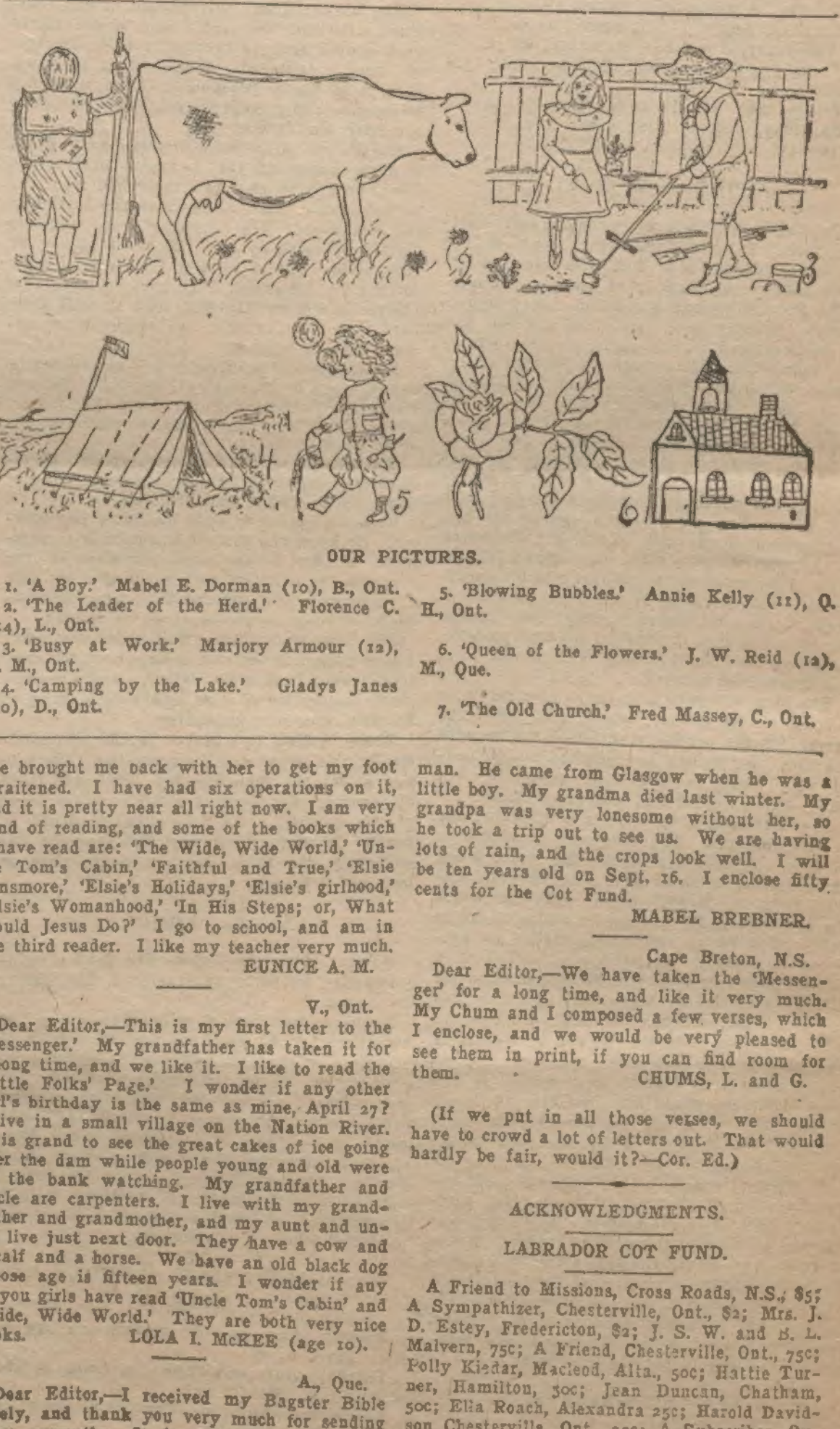
MABEL BREBNER.

Cape Breton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and like it very much. My Chum and I composed a few verses, which I enclose, and we would be very pleased to see them in print, if you can find room for them.

CHUMS, L. and G.

(If we put in all those verses, we should have to crowd a lot of letters out. That would hardly be fair, would it?—Cor. Ed.)



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Boy.' Mabel E. Dorman (10), B., Ont.
2. 'The Leader of the Herd.' Florence C. (14), L., Ont.
3. 'Busy at Work.' Marjory Armour (12), A. M., Ont.
4. 'Camping by the Lake.' Gladys Janes (10), D., Ont.
5. 'Blowing Bubbles.' Annie Kelly (11), Q. H., Ont.
6. 'Queen of the Flowers.' J. W. Reid (12), M., Que.
7. 'The Old Church.' Fred Massey, C., Ont.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

A Friend to Missions, Cross Roads, N.S., $5; A Sympathizer, Chesterville, Ont., $2; Mrs. J. D. Estey, Fredericton, $2; J. S. W. and S. L. Malvern, 75c; A Friend, Chesterville, Ont., 75c; Polly Kiedar, Macleod, Alta., 50c; Hattie Turner, Hamilton, 30c; Jean Duncan, Chatham, 50c; Elia Roach, Alexandra 25c; Harold Davidson Chesterville, Ont., 25c; A Subscriber, Oxbow, Assa., 20c; total received this week, $12.70.

Temperance

'The Right Thing to Do.'

(Faye Huntington, in the 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

One autumn day in my girlhood we drove over the New England hills and stopped at a farmhouse, miles away from any town. The picture of that farmhouse kitchen is still fresh in my mind, and I wish I could describe it to you. The deep red paint of the woodwork, except the floor, which was a bright yellow; the large old-fashioned fireplace with its crane and hooks and kettles; the straight-backed, splint-seated chairs; the claw-legged table; the high mantel, and perhaps, quaintest of all, the dear old grandfather and grandmother. Grandmother Brown's face was smooth and fair almost as a girl's, the look which rested there was peaceful and placid, and the quaint muslin cap which partly covered the still abundant dark hair seemed the only thing about her to suggest that she was an old woman.

With Grandfather Brown it was different; life had rested more heavily upon him, and his sunken features and furrowed brow told a story of every-day struggle somewhere along the road he had come. The other members of the family were the widowed daughter of the old couple, and her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen. The girl was like the grandmother, sweet and gentle, but with a resolute spirit; while the mother was one of those who take life hard, like Grandfather Brown. As we drove back to town, at our feet a basket of golden pippins and luscious pears which the old man had smuggled into the carriage, my friend told me something about the family.

'Alice was a baby when her father went off to California in the beginning of the gold excitement. At first he was successful and sent home quite a large sum of money, so that Mrs. Carter and Alice are well provided for. But four or five years later news of his death came just when they were expecting him to come home. Mrs. Carter grew hard and bitter under her sorrow, and while Alice and the old people drive down to church every pleasant Sunday, Mrs. Carter very seldom goes out. Last spring we had a temperance lecturer who addressed the Sunday-school. With my husband's consent he introduced the pledge, and nearly all of the school signed it. I suppose it was the first time Alice ever heard any temperance truth presented, and her whole soul went over to the cause. But when Mrs. Carter had heard that Alice had signed the pledge she was very angry. She had never quite forgiven my husband for allowing it. She has some peculiar notions—thinks signing the pledge is an acknowledgment of weakness, and especially for a girl. "All temperance reformers are fanatics," and she "hates fanaticism." That Sunday she said a great many things to Alice that were hard to bear. Alice told me something about it, and I can easily imagine the rest. "Poor mamma," Alice said, "she is so afraid I am going to grow up 'peculiar'; but grandma thinks I am all right, and I guess grandpa does, too." It seems that Mrs. Carter grew somewhat excited, and she accused Alice of being disloyal to her grandfather. She exclaimed, "I wonder who you think will draw the pitcher of cider for him at dinner? You know very well that with my lame ankle it is not easy for me to go up and down stairs, but I suppose I'll have to; you'll be too good now to draw cider! And who will carry the egg-nog to him when he is in the harvest-field? And he thinks noboby can mix it quite like you! Seems to me you did not think how far this pledge-signing would carry you." Alice said she was ready to cry, but she kept the tears back, and steadying herself with a hand on her grandmother's shoulder, she said, "I didn't think anything about it, only that it was the right thing to do, and I did it; and I am going to stand by it in my heart, even if you make me take my name off. I am sorry about grandpa." 'Never mind me, child! I'll get along some way. Stick to your principles! Mary, don't bother the girl; let her have a mind of her own!"

'The next day just before dinner Grandfather Brown came up with a pitcher of cider, and as he set it down he said, "There, Alice, I have fixed the cider business by cutting off the tap! And you may try bringing out a cup of hot coffee at nine o'clock instead of my egg-nog." He said to me later, "I knew the girl would never give in, and I thought that I might just as well save her having a hard time over it, and I don't see but I am just as well off." Alice comes in once a week for Greek and Latin lessons, and I drive over there as often as I can between times to give her a lesson, as she is anxious to prepare for Mt. Holyoke. She will go somewhere to school next year, and I shall watch to see what she does; she will be heard from.'

A few weeks ago I sat in a large audience and heard a woman speak in the interest of the temperance reform. The speaker was a noted one, but I had never heard her. In the course of her address she said, 'Thirty-five years ago, after hearing Neal Dow speak in our Sunday-school, I signed the pledge and gave myself to the work of saving men and women from the curse.' Quickly my thoughts went back to that autumn day and to the old farmhouse and to the earnest-eyed girl whose story my friend had told on our homeward ride. And I said to myself, 'It is she! my friend was right when she said, "She will be heard from."'

From out the ranks of boys and girls who sign the pledge early, who in their youth give themselves to the cause and to the work of preparation for usefulness, come the men and women whose influence is felt for truth and righteousness.

Hannah Grimm's Home-Brewed.

(Mina E. Goulding, in the 'Adviser.')

'The Lamb' was a mean little public-house, built on the outskirts of Cinderley, not a mile from the pits. The bricks of its walls were grimy with coal-dust, and the wooden porch at its door was grimy too.

A little rose-tree, planted by the porch, had tried hard to thrive. Every April it put forth shoots of tenderest green; and then the spring winds blew up the coal-dust, and it fell thick upon the opening leaves, blackening them for good. And when, in June, two or three white buds struggled into the sunshine, they fared even worse than the leaves; and so each year, before July was out, the little tree lost heart and gave up trying to blossom.

But 'The Lamb' itself prospered, the colliers of Cinderley maintaining that its ale was the best in the neighborhood. The ale was home-brewed for one thing, and for another, Hannah Grimm, who knew her trade, saw herself to the brewing of it.

She was a coarsely-built woman, red-faced, with stubborn hair brushed sharply back from her brow, and held forcibly in place by a dozen bristling pins—a most fitting person, in all appearance, to have a house in her own name.

Outside 'The Lamb,' in the sheltered corner to the west of the porch, might have been seen on almost every sunny day a cripple boy, sitting in a rocking-chair, his hunched back propped by a faded chintz cushion, and his crutches beside him, in the angle of the wall and the porch.

'Jim Grimm,' they call him, and the jingle pleased the school-boys.

Early in the evening of one wet autumn day, when Jim had been confined to the house for a week, by reason of the weather, he sat moping by the kitchen hearth, while Hannah in an idle moment warmed her hands.

'Art poorly, laddie?' she asked kindly; 'thou's been unco quiet all day.'

Then Jim lifted his pinched face, and told her the truth.

'I heard a man saying in the tap-room today that I was no child o' yours.'

Hannah's cheek paled. 'Well,' said she, 'and s'posin' that's true, what odds would it make to thee? Now,' she added, startled by the sharp pain in his eyes, 'I'll tell thee all. Maybe 'tis time.

'Well, then, we had a little public fifty miles from here, before my husband died, and thy father come there for drink till I was oft 'shamed to give it him; and thy mother fetched him home every night, carrying thee, a babe. One night, when he was mad, he struck her and she fell; and that's how thou was crippled. After that thy father turned thief, and was sent beyond the sea, and thy mother died, and a voice said plain to me, "Take the lad, Hannah Grimm, for thy ale has wrought his doom"; and I took thee, and I've been a mother to thee.'

'Had you no bairns o' your own, mother?' he asked, hoarsely.

'Aye, had I! Five,—fair-skinned and straight-limbed, but ne'er a one lived to call me "Mother." And at forty I was left a widow, with only thee to call my own, and I brought thee here, and I'll keep thee.

'There comes a feelin', whiles,' she went on, 'that I'm just sick tired of the life, for I was aye a woman with feelin's. And whiles, at night, too, when thour't sleeping, I count up all the men and women as my home-brewed has ruined, and it frights me sorely, sorely, laddie.' And there and then the big woman knelt beside the table, shaken by strong sobbing.

The words that came from Jim's lips that night will never be written on earth. He was deft of speech, and thoughtful beyond his years, after the manner of cripples, and when his heart was wrung his tongue was unloosed.

But this much is sure. The public-house was closed early in March, and the little rose-tree was carried to a place unknown, and Hannah Grimm's home-brewed was for ever a thing of the past.

The Finished Product.

It was announced in a paper the other day that a certain factory had turned out so many machines a month last year. Why did they turn them out? Not because they were worthless, as we turn out rubbish and refuse, but because they were finished. They were the completed results of the work for which that factory was put in operation. Well, in almost every town there is a factory that turns out. We saw recently a finished specimen of what such a factory can do. It was not a machine, but a man. He was blear-eyed, tottering, and dressed in rags. He had been a welcome visitor to the drunkard factory as long as he had money. But now the legalized establishment had done all that it could for him, and its manager kicked him into the gutter. Yes, he was a reeling, staggering advertisement of what the saloon is accomplishing. Turned out because they had finished him! But is that public-house going out of business now? No, indeed. It is hunting for raw material to work up into topers, and to turn out in due time as specimens of the best ,or rather, the worst, that it can do for humanity. How much longer are we going to endure it?—The 'British Workman.'

How the Saloon 'Pays.'

Mark Twain says a man bought a pig for $1.50 and fed it $40 worth of corn, and then sold the hog for $9. He lost money on the corn, but made $7.50 on the hog. That illustrates the condition of the saloons. The saloons breed vice, poverty, disease and crime. It costs taxpayers thousands of dollars annually to prosecute the criminals and paupers, but they are making money from licence fees on saloons that breed the criminals and paupers. A business man that would make such an investment as that would be considered a financial idiot.—'Patriot-Phalanx.'

Weakened by Strong Tea.

Lady Jeune says that servants are not strong nowadays because they drink excessive quantities of strong tea. 'They drink tea before breakfast, at breakfast, at eleven o'clock, after miday dinner, at tea-time, and sometimes even before going to bed,' she asserts in the 'Daily Telegraph.' The tannin, when so much is taken, absolutely prevents the assimilation of food, and blodlessness, want of breath and weakness eventually overtake the tea-tippler. 'I have no hesitation in saying that it is the constant drinking of strong tea which makes the women of our toiling classes delicate and their children anaemic; not only do these latter inherit that weakness from their mothers, but become even greater sinners in this direction than their parents.'—'Christian World.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Show me the Path of Life

A little cradle near the chair,
A little lad with nut-brown hair,
A little fur-lined shoe, a hat,
A litle dimpled face and fat;
A litle room with playmates four,
A little room with playmates four,
A little toy upon the floor,
A little satchel filled with tools,
A little time spent at the schools;
A little winsome maid to chide,
A little walk at even tide;
A little cot, with garden round,
A little family springing round,
A little older than before,
A little added to his store;
A little silvery-crested hair,
A little rest from toil and care,
A little arm-chair, near the fire;
A little hymn by homely choir;
A little group around his bed;
A little hair-tress from his head:
A little journey down the lane,
A little church-yard, quaint and plain;
A little fresh-made mound, and tall,
A little weeping,—that is all!

—J. Parkes.

A Neglected Virtue.

(Frank E. R. Miller, in the 'Standard.')

Hospitality is one of the first virtues as well as one of the finest courtesies of life. One can do nothing better for a friend or confer a higher honor upon a stranger than to throw open the doors of his house with a generous invitation to join the family circle for a time. In the construction of a modern house a blunder fully as serious as the omission of a bath-room or a heating plant is the failure to provide one room more than the family will ordinarily need a guest chamber. As an aid to culture and refinement, as a means to the proper training of the children in good manners and self-respect, there is nothing more effective than a wise and liberal hospitality. To the fact that his parents kept open house for the circuit preacher, the occasional sojourner, the visiting friend from the old home in the East, many a young person in the middle and western part of the country owes his early and useful knowledge of the ways of the world, his ease in society, and a fund of information gathered from the conversation to which often he has listened in breathless interest.

Hospitality is only one degree less valuable as an educational measure than travel. Next to seeing all lands and peoples and customs is to meet those who have travelled in distant parts and brought back in their conversation specimens of what their faculty of observation picked up, understood and retained. It is true that 'as iron sharpens iron so a man sharpens the countenance of his friend,' the parent who denies himself and his family of growing children the benefit and pleasure of an occasional guest must be regarded as stupid and stingy and selfish.

But this virtue should find its spring not only in the fact that a guest in the house is a source of inspiration, that he leaves behind him the influences of his individuality that the Scripture enjoins hospitality on the ground that we may be entertaining angels unawares, but also in the truth and obligations of brotherhood.

Emerson in his essay on 'Friendship,' says; 'We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by pride, by blood, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness?'

Yet this is the very thing men need. When they come on voyages of discovery in our neighborhood they do not relish a flight of poisoned arrows, but they seek the gold and silver of our hearts. In some directions mankind is not slow to recognize and act upon the the fact. The sick are visited, the dead are buried, the orphan is housed. In these matters benevolence lies in actions, not in feelings and sentiments. Are we aware that the possession of the capacity of hospitality carries with it an obligation of use?

Who is not acquainted with a substantial two-storey dwelling, planted firmly and attractively on a little natural terrace that fronts on a fine residence street in his town? Neatly kept, its outbuildings screened from view by a stone wall or a painted fence it meets the approval of one's eye and inflames his pride in the town of which it is an ornament. But one day when a sight-seeing stranger asks, 'Whose house is that?' the resident is astonished to find that he has little more to say than, 'Why, that—that house over yonder? —that's old Scroogleley's place.' For he remembers that he has never been invited to step within its doors, that he has never seen its curtains up at night and cheerful light within, that he has never heard of a generous feast being spread upon its board or a visitor being conducted to its guest chamber from one year's end to another. Somehow he is sorry that the stranger ever saw that house at all. Turning to the sight-seer he says: 'But, have you seen Mr. Greatheart's cottage? It isn't much of a place architecturally; but it's a fine place to visit.'

Is the reader sure that Scroogeley is a non-professor of religion and that Greatheart is a deacon in the church! Where is the pastor who does not sigh for householders who are given to the cultivating of the neglected virtue of hospitality?

The More Punctual Sex.

An unfounded prejudice exists to the effect that women are the less punctual sex. I hold that this is a mistake, says an exchange. They are more punctual, except in the keeping of business engagements, in which they have had imperfect training, than men are. Women are usually ready first, if it be a question of keeping a social engagement. For a journey across town, or a trip in the country, mother and the children are completely ready; bags are packed, gloves are on, everything is done before father decides that it is time to move. Women have a deep-seated aversion to arriving at a train without a broad margin for buying tickets and checking baggage. Men like to catch a train on the exact minute that it is pulling out of a station, which is not punctuality, but recklessness. On the score of tardiness, when women acknowledge it, must be pleaded a great many little things which use up time and make no show.—'Morning Star.'

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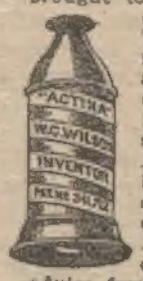

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Selected Recipes.

A Vegetable Salad.—Cold cauliflower is the foundation of a vegetable salad into which both turnips and potatoes may enter, if you wish. Slice the latter, and put them in a salad bowl, previously rubbed with just the least soupcon of garlic. Break up and sprinkle the cauliflower through the slices. Make any mayonnaise and pour over it. If a warm dish is wanted as entree, the same, heated through with a cream sauce, answers admirably.—The 'Mail.'

Another acceptable vegetable salad is made of cold boiled potatoes cut in cube shape, beets and carrots cut in same manner, allowing a cupful of each vegetable; sprinkle with salt and pepper and add one tablespoonful of minced chive and mix with a French dressing. Chop the whites of two hard boiled eggs and place on the top of the mixed vegetables and then sprinkle over all the egg yolks rubbed through a sieve. Garnish with the hearts of lettuce.

Salad Cups.—Handsome green or red peppers make pretty salad cups. Cut off the small ends of the peppers and trim the large ends until the cup stand firmly. Remove the seeds and fill with cabbage, celery and apple, or other salad, mixed with mayonnaise, and serve on lettuce leaves. Red cups on white lettuce leaves are delightful.

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